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TUESDAY

RICHMOND VIRGINIAN

OCTOBER 15

Watch Virginian Ads
For Good Bargains
The Best Shops Advertise
in Its Columns

RICHMOND VIRGINIAN

Published Every Morning in the Year By
THE RICHMOND VIRGINIAN CO. (Incorporated)
W. McDONALD, LEE, President.
S. B. WOODFIN, Secretary-Treasurer.
Virginian Building, Seventh and Franklin Streets,
Richmond, Virginia.

By Mail, Postage Paid.	By Virginian Carriers' Delivery	By Mail, Postage Paid.	By Virginian Carriers' Delivery
One Six Three One	Service in Richmond (and	One Six Three One	Service in Richmond (and
Year. Mos. Mos. Mo	suburbs) and Petersburg.	Year. Mos. Mos. Mo	suburbs) and Petersburg.
Daily and Sun- day \$6.00 \$3.00 \$1.50 \$5.00	Weekly, By Mo	Daily and Sun- day \$6.00 \$3.00 \$1.50 \$5.00	Weekly, By Mo
Daily without Sunday 4.50 2.25 1.25 .40	Daily with Sunday... \$.15 \$.50	Daily without Sunday 4.50 2.25 1.25 .40	Daily with Sunday... \$.15 \$.50
Sunday only... 2.00 1.00	Daily without Sunday... .10 .40	Sunday only... 2.00 1.00	Daily without Sunday... .10 .40

Entered as second-class matter, January 23, 1910, at the Postoffice of Richmond, Va. under act of March 3, 1879.

RICHMOND, VA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1918.

THE ARCH MURDERER HEARS DOOM PRONOUNCED

The voice of the president in his answer to the German peace representations was the voice of the American people.

The president himself was not borne away by popular clamor. The answer he gave to the German note was the president's own; but it embodied the essence of every public expression of which we have heard, since the unofficial text of Prince Max's latest message was made public Saturday night.

Virtually dictating surrender without conditions, the president makes clear that the kaiser and his associates in the government of Germany are not persons with whom it is possible to make any sort of peace. If the German people want peace they must abolish the whole Prussian system of personal and autocratic government.

What may become of the kaiser and the rest of the Hohenzollerns does not concern us now, so long as we do not have to deal with them directly in settling international matters. After the war, if any Hohenzollerns survive the changes which are to take place within the central empires an international court may bring them to bar to answer for their crimes against humanity.

The president does not go into these matters in his message, but the kaiser so.

A BROMIDE FOR THE FLU HYSTERIA.

Mr. Meekton, good, kindly, timid soul, hears the neighbors talking about a new and terrible disease. He reads in the papers that Doctor Thurstand predicts a hundred million cases in the United States, and that already twenty-seven cases have been reported in Lee ward and somebody died there last week and probably that was what was the matter with him—and of course the whole town is going to be flat on its back and everybody's going to die, and there won't be enough of us left to bury the rest!

Thus do panics grow in the fertile soil of a scared imagination. The net result is—doctors may scoff if they like, but it's true—that Meekton and his family are promptly numbered among the "cases" reported, and, likely as not, some of them may die, mostly scared to death.

There are epidemics every year comparable to that of the so-called Spanish influenza now prevailing. Every one of the several varieties of "colds" becomes epidemic on slight provocation. Sometimes fatalities occur, little, if any, below the ratio in the "flu" cases. But nobody gets scared about colds. If they did, there would be a hullabaloo all the time.

ST. LOUIS TRAVELS ROAD FAMILIAR TO RICHMOND

The "vacant room" bugaboo of the brewers has no terror for the real estate men of that prominent brewery city, St. Louis. If it does not frighten property owners and real estate brokers in this city that boasts of the largest and best-equipped brewery in the world, why should real estate men of other cities fear it?

According to the St. Louis Republic of September 22, the most prominent dealers in real estate in St. Louis look upon impending prohibition as a guarantee of improvement in store rentals and values. They estimate that at least one-fourth of the 1,400 stores occupied by saloons will be vacated by reason of failure of renewal of license by January 3, 1919. But they are not panic-stricken with the prospects. Their reasoning is sound. It is this, as voiced by one dealer who specializes in store properties:

The average corner saloon is a small, dilapidated, ugly-looking structure, which is really a setback to the entire neighborhood. The saloon man doesn't really improve the property because his patrons don't demand it. Merchants who cater to women refuse to place their business near such saloons for fear of losing trade. With the corner saloon a thing of the past and in its stead an ice-cream parlor, a dry-goods house,

freedom. He was Anthony Sobieski, of the American expeditionary force, wealthy son of the land which gave Kosciuszko to the world.

Maybe Cincinnati figured that the saloons will be closed a long time anyway, pretty soon, when it shut up every other sort of meeting place on account of the "flu."

"Let's talk this thing over," says the Hun. "Wait a minute while I speed up my munition plants," says Uncle Sam. Attaboy, Sam!

Of course we are proud of the D. S. C. won by Lieutenant Adams, a Virginian in the sixteenth infantry, but not a bit surprised.

Edith Cavell was officially murdered by Germans in Brussels just three years ago. The murderers are unpunished.

Who can remember the name of the German chancellor last October, or how many successors he has had?

The guns say "NO!"

—Buy Liberty Bonds—

Is This What Men Are Dying For?

(New York World.)

What is back of some of the Republican criticism of President Wilson's diplomacy and some of the Republican opposition to his peace program is frankly and shamelessly revealed by the American Economist, the organ of the American Protective Tariff League.

Replying to the World's question—"In what way will the election of a Republican congress hasten the winning of the war?" In what way will it assure a more satisfactory peace?"—the American Economist tells the American people that they are not fighting for liberty and democracy and civilization, but for money and markets. We quote its exact language:

In the great issue of 1918, far more is involved than the release of nations from the tyranny of Germany. True, that is the rallying ground for the reason why the allies and the boys from America are fighting so desperately.

But back of all the shouts for liberty and freedom is the bare, cold fact that this is an economic war, a war for national supremacy and security.

Continuing, the Economist says: A conclusive and satisfactory peace in 1918 needed that undivided support of the American people. A conclusive and satisfactory peace in 1918 would have been the need of the undivided support of the people, provided no liberty and justice were involved.

But the present war is now an economic war. Hence, President Wilson must be beaten in the fall election because he has declared in favor of the removal of all economic barriers between nations—meaning that there must be no special and secret trade agreements. The proposed Democratic peace program also contemplates a league of nations, and that must be blocked by a protectionist congress.

The American Economist may not seem important in itself, but it speaks for the American Protective Tariff League, and unfortunately the American Protective Tariff League is the public organization in all economic matters. Every Republican tariff schedule has been dictated by the protectionist manufacturers who constitute this league and all the campaign chests of the Republican treasury.

Thus the Economist gives us the first authentic definition of an Old Guard peace—the kind of peace for which the Republican organization is battling in the congressional elections. Individual support of the President might be all right if "nothing" but liberty and justice were involved, but reactionist Republicanism is not concerned about liberty and justice. This is "an economic war," and an economic war is one which pays dividends to big business.

There are hundreds of thousands of Republican voters in the American army. There are hundreds of thousands of Republican fathers whose sons are fighting in France. There are thousands of Republican mothers whose heroic boys have "bravely" given the last full measure of devotion.

We wonder what they think of this cold-blooded, sordid, mercenary proposition that the American Economist puts forth in pleading for a Republican protectionist congress? We wonder what they think of the claim that their sons have not been fighting for human freedom, have not been fighting for the liberty of mankind, but have battled merely for economic gain, for dirty dollars to be stuffed into the swollen pockets of steel and wool and cotton? How many of those patriotic Republican men and women would like to stand beside the graves that dot the fields of France and be told that these dead did not die for justice and civilization, but for schedule K?

Yet is there the slightest reason to doubt that the American Economist speaks with authority as to the policy that a reactionary Republican congress might be all right if "nothing" but liberty and justice were involved, but that a Republican majority under the present leadership of the party means that if there is any possible way to bring it about, the blood of 6,000,000 dead soldiers is to be capitalized for the profit of protected industry?

If so, we trust that there is at least one Republican in the house or senate who will have the courage to stand up and protest in the name of Abraham Lincoln against such a revolting prostitution of humanity's tears and blood.

—Buy Liberty Bonds—

1,800 WAR STORIES IN ONE HOSPITAL

Man With a Crutch and a Bandaged Arm Just Grins and Tries to Jig.

CHEERFUL MEN IN BANDAGES

Brave Officer Laughs Uncomfortably When Mention Is Made of Wonderful Deed of Bravery in Champagne.

By ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE.
Paris, Oct. 14.—American hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, in the outskirts of Paris, contains 1,800 war stories, one by each patient.

Some are vividly alive, thrilling with machine gun snap and high explosives, and bitter throat-to-throat grapples. Others are almost ludicrously undecorated, homely recitals of experiences suddenly cut short by a bullet before the narrator saw anything.

Neuilly is the great clearing house for wounded, fresh from the battle line in the Champagne. Many, arriving here, still wear first-aid bandages. After spending three hours at Neuilly, this afternoon, I departed, bewildered by the battle cinema which was likely an over-speeded film. As I approached the great hospital group two cannons loaded with convalescents, out for a sight-seeing tour of Paris, whizzed out of the gateway.

Bandaged Arm and a Grin.
I caught glimpses of bandaged arms and crutches, of faces hospital-pale under the tan, yet grinning and ready to be shown all that Paris has.

Brass music directed me to the courtyard, where a full infantry band was playing Cohan's latest. Hundreds of wheel-chairs and stretchers were in the grass. Out of every window on the four sides, and in four stories, leaned heads making up an appreciative audience enjoying the first "home brass."

I marvelled at how complacently the new conditions were accepted by these men, not forty-eight hours from hell. There was no sign of complaining. Some were joking through their clogged bandages. Others tried to jig to the music. Yet each had felt the breath of death and seen comrades obliterated.

The first bit of news came when a marine with a machine-gun bullet in his arm said that an officer, one of the heroes of Chateau-Thierry, with a wounded eye, was lying in the officers' ward.

"We went into the Champagne drive with the French a week ago," said the marine. "The Germans threw all they had our way. At 9 A. M. Sunday we advanced across a field under shell fire. A big 6.0-pounder 'dud' landed near the front of this officer. He reached down, knocked the ashes from his pipe on the dud, patted it and said: 'Nice dud, good little dud.'"

Just Soldier Talk.

"We just cheered and drove ahead and cleaned up."

Later I found this officer in ward 10, with his head swathed. I told him the story of the dud. He laughed uncomfortably.

"Oh, that's just soldier talk. Don't you believe a word of it."

He politely declined to reveal the feat of heroism for which he was awarded the war cross with the palm. It was pinned on his pajamas.

"The French are very kind about these things," said he. "The doctors say they hope to save my sight."

A French machine gunner, who I still undisturbedly and easily named, therefore, cannot be given, I obtained this story:

"The Heinties think up new dirty tricks every day. In the battle last Tuesday, I saw some stretchers carrying a supposedly wounded man. They were moving to the rear. They halted, supposedly for a little rest. Suddenly the 'wounded' man cut down on us with a machine gun which he had concealed under his blanket."

A captain lying on his cot, his arm in a suspended sling and his shoulder shattered by shrapnel and twice machine-gunned, had this to say:

"Our boys are not naturally savage, but when they were up against the Germans in the first real fight last Tuesday they learned a lot about dirty fighting. A German prisoner, formerly a writer in Houston, Texas, told me they were all ready to surrender, if it was to be to the Americans."

Leaving this place of pain concealed under cheerful smiles I saw posted on the fence a block away this sign: "Lost A Dog. Kind and like a shepherd, but fuzziest."

Though the fence bore a warning not to post signs, the kindly police left this stay.

—Buy Liberty Bonds—

THE WEATHER

(United States Weather Bureau, Department of Agriculture.)

For Virginia and North Carolina—Fair Tuesday; warmer in west portion. Wednesday fair and warmer.

Local Temperature Yesterday.	
12 noon temperature	60
3 P. M. temperature	66
8 P. M. temperature	61
Minimum temperature to 8 P. M.	66
Maximum temperature to 8 P. M.	53
Mean temperature	60
Normal temperature	60
Deficiency in temperature since January 1	440

Local Rainfall.	
Rainfall last twelve hours	0
Rainfall last twenty-four hours	0
Deficiency in rainfall since March 1	38
Excess in rainfall since January 1	58

Local Observation at 8 P. M. Yesterday.	
Temperature	61
Humidity	51
Wind—Direction	N. W.
Wind—Velocity	4
Weather	Partly Cloudy

Why wouldn't it be a very fitting act for you to sit down and write your congressman and two United States senators and thank them for having voted for wartime prohibition? It will show them that their patriotism is appreciated by the people. Of course, if your congressman and senators didn't vote for this measure so necessary to an early termination of the war, you'd better get busy and see that others are elected in their stead! It's "patriotism first" and greed in the back seat in times like the present, when the very life of the nation is in peril.

DOOR KNOBS AND BRASS ALL COMMANDEERED

Necessities of War Compel Confiscation of All Portable Metal Ornaments in Germany.

OIL FROM SUNFLOWERS.

Stiff Cab Fare Demanded by Night Hawks in Berlin, Caused by High Cost of Horse Feed.

By ALFRED G. ANDERSEN.
(Copyright, 1918, by Star Company.)
New York, Oct. 14.—On the German side of the border the engine and coaches were dilapidated and dirty. The inside of the coach might have been swept by a hurricane. Every piece of brass and leather had vanished.

"Commandeered," explained one of my fellow passengers, Herr Richter, a portly typewriter agent from Hamburg.

"Every piece of brass and copper in the country, even door knobs and ornaments, has been seized by the military authorities," he continued.

"I had a set of beautiful brass curtain rods in my home. They were seized along with my wife's copper wash boiler. They paid us a nominal compensation for our brass and copper."

"But," he whispered confidentially, as if imparting some great state secret, "we saved an old brass mortar, an heirloom which has been in the family for over two centuries."

Church Organs Demanded.
Herr Richter told me that even the church organs in Germany have been stripped of their brass pipes. Reed pipes have been substituted.

The train moved at a fair pace through an endless checker-board of grain fields and potato patches. Here was intensive cultivation of the most pronounced order.

We passed through an immense field of sunflowers. I looked inquiringly at Herr Richter.

"We extract oil from them," he explained. "You will see thousands of fields just like this one all over Germany. We also obtain oil from fruit kernels. Every household is ordered to save the kernels and turn them over to the government."

Soon the train was in the midst of smoking factories and whirling wheels. It required but slight imagination to believe this was Pittsburgh.

"Here we are in one of the busiest ammunition centers in Germany," Herr Richter volunteered. "They have sprung up like mushrooms. Before the war this district was nothing but small farm villages."

There was little activity at the Berlin station, nothing like the bustle of a New York or Chicago terminal. Only a few electric lights were burning.

Dilapidated Night Hawks.

In front of the station stood a row of dilapidated cabs commanded by emaciated cabbies. The horses looked like skeletons, with hides drawn over them so tightly as to accentuate the curves of the ribs. Food evidently was mighty scarce.

I dropped into one of the cabs and directed the driver to take me to the Kaiser hotel.

"Jawohl, mein herr," he responded, and off we went at a snail that would have tickled an American carter. The driver was unusually adaptable to its tempo to its ration.

The slow pace enabled me to take in my surroundings as we dragged along. A first deceptive impression of "business as usual" was forced upon me. Groups of laughing Berliners were seated around tables in front of the cafes on Friedrichstrasse. From within came the strains of gay music. It was enough to deceive anybody as to the true state of mind in Berlin.

At last the cab stopped; the driver alighted and informed me that we were at the Kaiser hotel.

"How much?" I inquired.

"Hold-Up Cab Fare.

"Fundzwanzig mark," he drawled in a matter-of-fact tone that was exasperating.

"More than \$6 for a fifteen-minutes hook ride?" I protested.

"But it is the legal fare, mein herr," interpolated the hotel porter who had come to take my baggage.

It is the scarcity of horse food that makes cab rides so expensive in Berlin, I learned.

Restricted illumination throughout Berlin pointed to economy in the consumption of fuel. The once brilliant electric signs are no more and every other lamp post is dark.

Let me interpose here to say that the difficulties, to mention the danger, that confronted me in Berlin were legion. I could come into contact only casually with officials and individuals whom I desired to interview.

I even took my life into my hands when I collected cartoons, photographs, samples of paper cloths and cafe menus.

With these things in mind I started out bright and early the next morning to obtain an intimate interview into general conditions in Berlin.

—Buy Liberty Bonds—

NEW YORK POLICE HELP LIBERTY LOAN

New York, Oct. 14.—Jim Coffey and Joe Jeannette will meet in a four-day boxing carnival in the Fourteenth Regiment armory, Brooklyn, tomorrow night. Jack Britton and Soldier Bartfield and Harry Greb and Clay Turner, also, will appear in bouts of the same length.

The carnival has been arranged to aid the police in their campaign to raise \$50,000,000 in subscriptions for the Liberty loan.

You're a flinty-hearted piece of ice if the tears don't squirt from your eyes when you read the following credited to the pen of Ensign Harry W. Ross, U. S. N., former assistant stage manager of the Winter Garden:

Their meeting it was sudden. Their parting it was sad. She gave her young life meekly. 'Twas the only life she had. She's sleeping 'neath the willows. She's resting peaceful now. For that's what always happens. When a freight train meets a cow.

—Buy Liberty Bonds—

Debts of gratitude are usually compromised at 10 cents on the dollar.

Miller & Rhoads

"The Shopping Center"

TO-DAY--- The "Girls' Auxilliary of Day Nurseries"

Mrs. Frank Christian, Chairman, will have charge of our Liberty Loan Booth; a good time, we should say, to place your subscription.

Miller & Rhoads.

For Xmas--- Uncle Sam Says: "SHOP EARLY" Here are some much-talked-about things For Gifts

For the Girl With a Soldier Friend in the Army—Sterling Silver Photo Frames, embellished with Service Stars, Flag, etc., various sizes, \$2.50 to \$5.50.

For the Man Who Is Serving at Home—A warm Bath Robe makes an ideal gift. We've a nice assortment, \$3.98, \$5.00, \$6.50 and up.

Both the useful and ornamental sides of the Gift question are delightfully served by one of these Portable Electric Table Lamps of Mahogany, \$2.25 and upwards. Lamp Shades are \$1.00 and upwards.

For the Soldier About to Go Overseas—A fitted Case of toilet accessories will come in handy. With khaki covering, \$5.98 upwards.

If milady isn't always on time in fulfilling her engagements a Gold Wrist Watch is "the thing." Those with Elgin movements are priced \$18.00 upwards to \$50.00.

The Smartest Bags at present are called

"Canteen Boxes" because of their strikingly odd shape. They are made of Ecruse leather in colors of Rose, Green, Purple or Blue, and are fitted with Rouge, Purse Mirror, etc., \$5.98.

People in increasing numbers give engraved Calling Cards and Personal Greeting Cards. But engravings are fewer this year, and one's order must be placed earlier than heretofore.

Books always will answer the gift question in a more satisfactory way than does any other one thing in the whole gift category. That's because there's a Book for every taste, from babyhood to old age. Ours is a most complete Book Shop.

And last, but by no means least, are Liberty Bonds—perhaps the most precious and highly prized gift of all—the gift of victory to "Uncle Sam"—the gift of safety, happiness and freedom for ourselves and all the world. Place this last thought FIRST.

MILLER & RHOADS.

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Julien H. Hill, V. P. & Cashier, R. E. Cunningham, Asst. Cashier.
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